

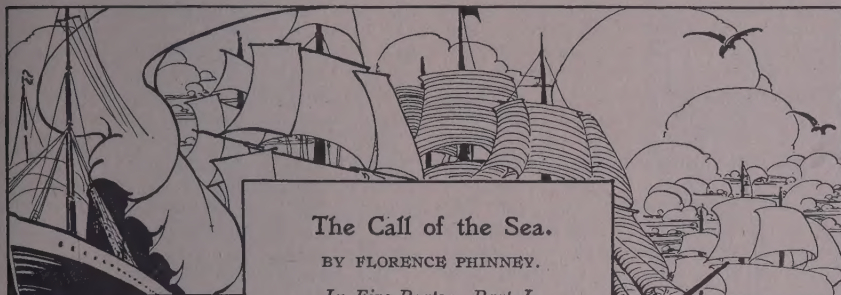
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VI. No. 20

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 13, 1916



The Call of the Sea.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

In Five Parts. Part I.

Drawings by Julia Daniels.

"WELL, what do you think of it?" Tom Swallow asked the question. It was an anxious moment. An expert was about to pass judgment on Tom's chief treasure. This person of authority was a breezy-looking young man of perhaps nineteen. His blue eyes laughed at the world, or looked at you with a guileless directness that gave no hint of what was going on behind them. He stood with his feet planted rather wide apart, as if he expected the old sugar-camp, where he and Tom and Eben Higgins now were, to give a lurch to leeward at any moment. He held in his hand a model of a ship, and looked at it critically, shaking his head over some things about the rigging, and whistling over others. At last he spoke:

"This was made from a real clipper of a frigate and no mistake. I never saw one like it but once, off Shanghai it was. Steam and electricity take the place of all this canvas now; and you bet your life we are glad to have it so. Gee! Think of manning these yards with cannon-balls flying about. So the old lady gave it to you when she went away?"

"She gave it to Eben and me together," Tom explained.

"I'd rather Tom would keep it," Eben said; "you know how things are at our house, Uncle Rick."

"Your mother don't have time to keep things shipshape," agreed the sailor. "She ought to make you kids help her more. You're a lucky boy to have a snug place like this to yourself, Tom Swallow."

"I know it," said Tom, happily. "You see, it's only used once a year in sugar-making time. After we finished this year father sent me to town on an errand one day, and while I was away the girls fixed it up to surprise me; brought all my books and stuff up here, and the pictures, and swung that hammock; and father moved out the old stove so I can use the fireplace if I want to. They couldn't have done anything to please me more. I made that shelf myself on purpose for 'The Pryde,' and the longer one for my books."

"You're a great one for books, ain't you?" the sailor remarked, half contemptuously.

"Yes, I like 'em; don't you?"

"I'd rather see life at first hand," replied Rick Dale.

The two boys glanced at each other silently,

then gave their undivided attention to this remarkable young man. What was he likely to say next? He was Eben's visitor, his uncle, in fact, who had come up from a coast-town for a two-week visit while his ship was being made ready for another voyage. He had arrived yesterday. Eben's object in bringing him to see Tom was threefold: he wished to display his wonderful uncle to his friend, Tom; he wanted Uncle Rick's opinion of "The Pryde"; and he thought it well for Uncle Rick to know that he had a boy like Tom Swallow for a friend. Uncle Rick had distinctly patronized his sister's family. It was time he understood that all the superior people did not live on the seacoast.

Rick strolled about the cabin singing "Nancy Lee" softly to himself. At length he took a cigarette from his pocket.

"Got any matches here?" he asked.

Tom found one. Rick searched in another pocket and produced two more cigarettes.

"Have a smoke, boys?" he asked.

Eben waited to see what Tom would do. It was a trying moment.

"Thank you, Mr. Dale," Tom answered with rather a red face; "but I'm not going to smoke till after I'm twenty-one. A lot of us boys agreed we wouldn't. Folks don't grow so tall if they smoke when they are growing, you know."

"Perhaps they don't," Rick looked rather annoyed as he lit his own cigarette. He was only a trifle over five feet four himself. "What are you fellows trainin' for? Bean-poles?" he asked. He puffed away at his cigarette two or three times, then threw it out of the window with a laugh that showed his white teeth. "You boys are right," he said heartily. "A young fellow is better without tobacco. I don't smoke very often. Just once in a while for a treat. Don't call me Mr. Dale. Call me Rick as Eben does. And you leave off the uncle, young man; I won't have it."

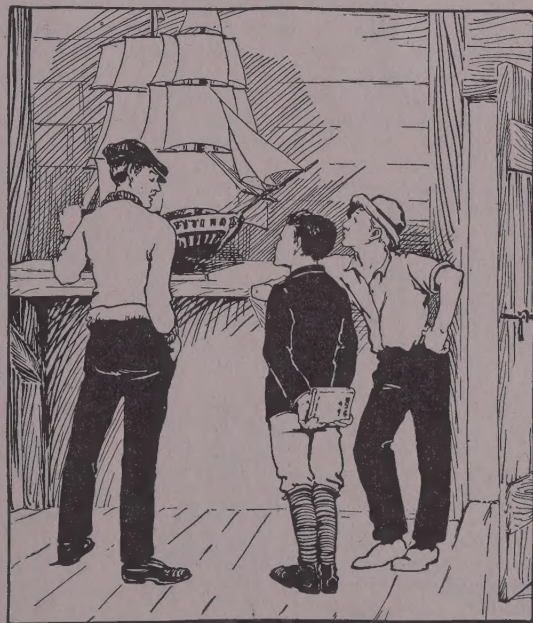
"All right, Rick," answered both the boys at once.

Rick stopped a moment in front of "The Pryde," which he had replaced on its shelf. He stared at it musingly, standing with his hands in his pockets and his hat on the back of his head looking up at the little ship.

"Ay! Ay!" he said; "man-o'-war, sure; an old-timer! You ought to see the great iron war-ships they have now. Make this look small. But I shouldn't wonder if they used to do some fightin' with this kind, too."

"Tell about the time you saw one like it, Rick," Eben asked.

"It wasn't exactly like this. It didn't have places for guns. It was a merchantman. Rigged this way, though. A British ship, she was. I remember because it was my first foreign voyage. I'd been sick, homesick, partly, I guess. We were in a snarl of queer shipping, junks and things, and heard all sorts of strange gibberish talked, and not a word that I could understand. All of a sudden, there, dead alee, was this great merchantman, towerin' right over our ship, which was a schooner. The English flag was flyin', and the Jack Tars were runnin'



"Well, what do you think of it?"

about and callin' to each other like human folks and not like monkeys. I was so glad to see 'em that I yelled out, 'Hurrah for Bunker Hill!' And they sassed me back, but real good natured. It is good to hear talk you can understand in foreign parts. It makes everybody friends."

"Are you going to China on your next voyage, Rick?" asked Tom.

"No, only to Cuba, this time. Wish you fellows were goin' with me. I should get a place for Eben if his mother was willin'."

"I'd like to go," Eben admitted; "but I guess I shall have to wait awhile. Mother's got enough to worry her as it is."

Tom said nothing, but he thought as he watched his visitors depart, after promising to return very soon:

"Eben is a better boy in some ways than folks think. I am afraid I shouldn't give up a chance like that so easily."

(To be continued.)

Mother's Valentine.

BY ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

IT had a heart and a dart,
And, underneath the paper lace,
A scroll of blue with "WE LOVE YOU"
Was neatly pasted into place.

Where cooing doves told their loves,
Was Mother, sweet as she could be!
And just below, a laughing row
Of "Brownies" showed "The Family"—

First, father's face; then Baby Grace,
Then Jimmy, Jacky, Bell and Sue;
A-grin with glee, "The Family"
Say "Mother, dear, WE ALL LOVE YOU!"

A Suit Case of Sand.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"I HATE to go home, don't you, mother?" Floy sighed wistfully; "it's so lovely here and there is such a lot of sand. I just love sand! I've a whole box of shells and seaweed, but I wish I could take some sand home too."

"Well, why don't you?" her mother asked amusedly. "There is that leather suit case that will be empty—why don't you fill that up and take it?"

"Oh, could I?" Floy asked. "I could fill a box with it and put my shells all around in it and imagine I was at the seashore again. Could I—really?"

Her mother laughed. "I was only joking," she admitted, "but I don't see why you can't if you want to, and can get the boy from the hotel to carry it up from the beach and into the train for you."

"Oh, Joe will do it, I know," Floy cried, clapping her hands. "He's always doing things for us. I'll go right away and ask him and then I'll fill the suit case up with the nicest, whitest sand!"

As she expected, Joe proved good natured even to the extent of helping her fill the paper bags which he supplied. It was thought best to put the sand in bags so that it would not sift from the suit case.

"It's dreadfully heavy," Floy cried as she tried to lift it, but Joe only laughed and did not seem to think it was heavy at all, although his arm sagged a little before he got it to the hotel.

The next day Floy waved good by to him from the car window and glanced contentedly at the suit case reposing at her feet.

"The car is dreadfully crowded, isn't it, mother?" she remarked. "Every one has had his playtime and is going home again. Do you suppose any one else has taken home a suit case of sand?"

Mrs. Hoyt laughed. "I certainly hope none of those up above people's heads have a load of sand in them," she remarked; "if they fell it might be disastrous to those sitting underneath. Well—every one is on—I guess we will have our seat to ourselves for a while."

But two stations after, an old man got on and came hobbling down toward them, struggling with a heavy suit case that bumped against his legs. "What a funny old man!"—Floy started to whisper, when the old fellow murmured an apology and sank into the seat beside her. He reached over and deposited his suit case next to the window.

"Hope it won't bother you there, ma'am," he said.

"No, indeed," Mrs. Hoyt nodded, although she was forced to tuck her feet back under the seat, and Floy bristled indignantly. But the old gentleman did not notice as he unfolded a paper and commenced to read.

They had traveled for some time, and Floy was commencing to grow drowsy, when with a sudden jerk the train stopped, throwing her against the old gentleman and knocking his paper from his fingers.

"Peek-a-boo!" he cried genially, and Floy laughed, suddenly deciding that he was quite a nice old gentleman after all. All around them people were exclaiming and rising from their seats. Men started for the doors, but a sudden sharp voice at the end of the car halted them.

"Get back into your seats and don't stir!" it cried, and Floy looked up right into the face of a masked bandit. There was something fascinating about the two shining pistols that covered the interior of the car.

"Sit right still and don't get nervous," the voice rasped on. "I'm not after your money or your jewelry. There's just one thing in this car that I'm after, and I'm going to get it. Here, pard."

He turned and handed the two pistols to a confederate who stood behind him and then came leisurely down the aisle. And the only thing he did was to lift every suit case that he came to as if testing its weight. Fascinated, Floy watched him draw nearer and finally lift her own. As he did so a look of great satisfaction crossed his face.

"Here it is!" he announced, hauling the heavy suit case out into the aisle.

Floy found her tongue. "Why—why that?"—she commenced, when suddenly the old gentleman leaned over and deliberately clapped his hand over her mouth in spite of her indignant sputtering.

The bandit laughed. "That's right," he exclaimed approvingly. "Children should be seen and not heard, eh?"

A few moments later the bandits had left, and the train slowly commenced to move. Leaning out of the window Floy could see a masked figure standing beside the track with a raised pistol. She turned to the old man.

"Why did you put your hand on my mouth?" she asked indignantly.

The old gentleman laughed. "What did you have in that suit case—something very valuable?" he whispered.

"Nothing in the world but sand," Floy whispered back. "What did he want with that, I wonder?"

The old gentleman laughed again. "It's too bad you lost your sand," he answered. "You give me your address and I'll see that you get the dandiest suit case full of sand that you ever dreamed of. What's your name and where do you live?"

Floy told him. "But what does it all mean?" she asked wonderingly.

But the provoking old gentleman would only laugh and all the rest of the trip he laughed behind his recovered paper. When Floy and her mother left the train he was still chuckling.

"I think perhaps he was crazy," Floy said

frankly, as she related their adventure to her father that evening. "He was such a funny-looking old man and he acted so silly! I think he might have told me what he was laughing about. Is that the door-bell?"

Mr. Hoyt opened the door. "Miss Floy Hoyt live here?" asked a voice from the darkness. "Yes? Well, I've got a suit case here for her and it's a mighty heavy one."

"Why—it's the suit case of sand the man promised me!" Floy cried as she opened the heavy suit case. "It's all in one big heavy paper bag. Father, will you bring me a box of some kind that I can empty it into?"

A few moments later her father lifted the heavy sack and emptied it into the box. "Hello—what's this?" he cried as something hard hit the bottom of the box.

"Why—the sand's all full of packages!" Floy squealed as she danced around the box. "Oh, father, father! Let me see what's in them."

The first little package disclosed a tiny kewpie doll—a demure little figure carrying a suit case.

"I wonder if that is a suit case of sand?" Floy laughed. "What is in this flat package? Oh, it's the darlings little silver-backed mirror. And, mother—it has my initials on it! And here's a box of candy! And a little silver thimble! And a string of pearl beads!"

The next package was tiny, and held five shiny five-dollar pieces. "Oh!" Floy cried, "Oh!"

"That's all, I guess," her father said as their fingers combed the sand. "No—here's another little square one."

"It's a ring box!" Floy cried, letting the box fall in her excitement. Out on the floor rolled a glittering ring set with two fire opals. Floy's eyes were wide as she slipped it onto her finger. "It's just a little large," she cried. "Oh, mother, what do you suppose it all means?"

Her father was shaking out the heavy paper sack. "Here's a letter," he said; "perhaps that tells!"

With trembling fingers Floy spread out the sheet and read:

My dear little fellow-traveler and benefactress:—

Bless you and your suit case of sand! I suppose you are very indignant at an eccentric old man and very curious. Haven't you guessed that it was my suit case that those fellows were after? I am a very foolish and contrary old man who will have nothing to do with banks and when I transfer money I carry it with me in a suit case. There were a great many dollars in that one that the robbers were after. I wasn't aware that my habits were so well known, but some one must have become wise to the fact that I was taking it with me to-day and decided to get a little easy money. I wonder how they liked the case of sand and I wonder how you like yours?

(Signed) THE LITTLE OLD MAN WHO HELD YOUR MOUTH.

P.S. I am going to try the banks after this.

"Whe-ew!" cried Floy after she had finished reading. "Wasn't it lucky I thought of bringing home a suit case of sand?"

"I guess every one but the robbers thinks so," her father answered.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
There is much to do to-day
Which can never be accomplished
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty;
Who the future can foretell?
Why put off until to-morrow
What to-day can do as well?

J. E. CARPENTER.

The Friendly Snow.

BY LEE WYNDHAM.

JIMMY PENFOLD and Bob Long walked home together. Jimmy's mother made cakes and rolls and Bob Long's father had fine cows. Every day, after school, the boys carried milk and cakes to somebody, and they walked home together.

"B-r-r!" said Bob. "It's cold to-night."

"Suppose it snows to-morrow," suggested Jimmy. "Won't it be a good thing it's Saturday?"

"If it does," cried Bob, "let's go out to the woods and build a snow man under the trees, and see how long he stays?"

"Fine," replied Jimmy, "right under the big maple."

"No, that's too near the road. Way, way in. I know a bit of clearing"—

"I don't want to go way in," objected Jimmy. "It gets too dark."

"Nothing there to hurt you." Bob was rather scornful. "I've been miles in."

"The wood's just three-quarters of a mile across. Teacher says so," contradicted Jimmy. "I say the maple!"

"I say the wood—deep in," declared Bob.

"I won't go," retorted Jimmy.

"You're afraid," cried Bob. "I wouldn't be a 'fraid cat—like a girl!"

"Not afraid." Jimmy stopped still in the road. "And you can build your own old snow man! I'll build mine!"

He turned in at his own gate as he spoke, and ran up the walk to the little porch. But he could not shut the door quickly enough to shut out Bob's words:

"'Fraid cat! Scared of the dark! Like a girl!"

Jimmy banged the door. He and Bob had quarreled before, but never till this day had Bob called him a "'fraid cat!"

The evening was rather long and dull. His mother was busy sewing at a dress she was to take home in the morning, and the whirr of her machine was steady, and so Jimmy could not talk. On other evenings Bob sometimes came round, and they had games. But Jimmy would not have minded the quietness if he had still been good friends with Bob. Quarrels always hurt!

He went to bed. When he woke, he looked out on a white world. The fields, the trees, the hedges, the stray shrubs scattered here and there—all were white. One bush looked a little like a horse, and another like an elephant, Jimmy thought. He shouted with delight, and then he remembered that he had quarreled with Bob, and that, though it was Saturday, he had no one to play with. His schoolmates lived some way off. Bob was the only near one.

"Never mind," he said, as he went down to breakfast, "I can build my own snow man by myself."

"I wouldn't go too far to-day, Jimmy," said his mother. "I have to walk to Farmer Gray's, and ride into Pelham with him, to take home my work. I'll be back at twelve and bring you a new game. Mind you change your shoes when you come indoors."

"Yes, mother," answered Jimmy.

He watched her walk down the path to the gate and strike across the field to Farmer Gray's. Then he put on his leggings and his rubbers, and his woolen cap and mittens, and went out to make his snow man.

He thought, at first, that he would make it in his own yard. But what would Bob say? Perhaps that he was afraid to go outside it! Then a bright idea came to him. He would

go to the woods, go far in, and prove how little afraid he was!

Off he set. Oh, how beautiful the fields and the road and the trees and everything looked. He began to sing or whistle, two or three times, but always the song or the whistle came to a sudden stop. There would be no Bob to play with, all the long day!

Once or twice he stopped to make snowballs. Now, snowballs are capital fun if you only have some one to throw them at! Just tossing them into the air, or even aiming at some distant mark, is a thing you can soon grow tired of!

He crossed three fields, and presently saw the wood. Suppose Bob had gotten there first, and would forget all about last night, and say, "Let's build a snow man!" How fine that would be!

But there was no Bob. There were no tracks.

Jimmy went into the wood, not very far. It was lonesome, and he didn't like to be alone. However, he stopped in front of a tree that was standing in a little space by itself, and began his snow man. He worked for some time, and then the silence made him want somebody else very badly. He left the poor snow man with only one arm and no head at all! He wanted to get out of the wood, and into the fields, and home! Mother would be glad to see him. He and his mother never quarreled!

But, when he reached the outside of the wood again, he grew really frightened. For he did not know where he was! He could not see his own tracks! He had forgotten to look for them, and come out of the wood by them.

It was like a white sea, all the world about him! Fences, gates, trees, but not a sign of a house, his own or any other.

He began to run. Now and then, he tumbled into a drift.

The snow had stopped falling. It was very still, not a breath of wind. He wanted to cry, but he did not.

"That would be a 'fraid cat thing to do," he told himself, almost choking the tears back. "I'm not a coward!"

He went to a tiny hill, climbed to the top, and looked everywhere about him. No house, no tracks, no person, nothing at all.

"Suppose it gets dark," was his next fear. But even then he wouldn't cry.

But when he had wandered for some time further, not knowing if he were going



By Will G. Helwig.

"Jimmy Penfold and Bob Long walked home together."

nearer to his home or further away from it, he began to ache very much. He had hardly ever been so tired before. Now he felt as if he must cry!

"I—I—won't!" he said to himself, and then he heard a shout. Oh, how glad he was!

"Hello!" Now he could hear the words, "What are you out this way for?"

It was Bob! Bob, on a little hill, only a little way off. He came leaping to Jimmy.

"I had to go a message for father," he said. "Where have you been?"

"In the woods, making a snow man," answered Jimmy, so happy he hardly knew what to do, "and I got turned round, and lost my way."

"Come back on my tracks. I'd have lost myself if I hadn't watched them," answered Bob, throwing his arm round Jimmy. "This way."

Jimmy was very thankful he had not cried! Suppose Bob had found him in tears!

"I don't like to go too far in the snow," said Bob. "Things don't look like themselves. Can you come over to my place this afternoon? There are seven new little pigs?"

"Yes, I'll come. And I'll ask my mother if I can ask yours if you can come back to supper," replied Jim. "Mother's going to bring me a new game."

So they were friends once more. And both of them resolved not to quarrel again in a hurry.

"I love snow," said Jimmy to his mother when he got home.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL, BELLINGHAM, WASH.

Dear Miss Buck,—As the president of the Sunday school I have been requested to write to you. Our Sunday school is the farthest north and west Unitarian Sunday school in the United States. The attendance of the Sunday school has averaged thirty-five pupils, and when the Sunday school started here seven years ago there were only four pupils. There are five teachers—Miss Alice Paine, Mrs. and Miss Sherman, Mrs. Tidball, and Rev. Fred Alban Weil who teaches the boys' class. We have a treasurer, secretary, librarian, and a president.

We receive your paper, *The Beacon*, every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

Sincerely,

(Miss) OLGA K. BROTNOV,
President.

PEPPERELL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I like the stories and puzzles in *The Beacon* very much. I go to the First Parish Unitarian Church and Sunday School. I like to go. Miss Lillibridge has been visiting here trying to make more people interested in the church and Sunday school. I like her very much. My class in Sunday school sing in the choir. I should like to have been with mama when she went to the Second Church in Boston, and saw the children act out the Bible story after you had told it to them.

Your friend,

GLENYS GREEN.

MELROSE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am going to send an enigma which I hope you will print in *The Beacon*. I am ten years old. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Melrose. My teacher's name is Miss Lamprey. I am a member of the Beacon Club already. Every Sunday I take *The Beacon* home. I am making a book out of it and at the end of the year I am going to give it to the Hospital so sick children may read it and enjoy it.

Yours truly,

KATHRYN NORRIS.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., 46 Chestnut Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Miss Sprague is my teacher's name. The minister of my church is Mr. Ramsay.

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and have a pin.

I belong to the Junior Alliance. There are about eight girls in it. We have been making scrap-books to send to the children down South.

I enjoy *The Beacon* very much.

I am sending the answers of all the problems in the Recreation Corner.

Yours truly,

MIRIAM BUNKER.

WHITMAN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club and wear a pin.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and church most every Sunday and I belong to the Dorothea Dix Club.

I am twelve years old and I am in the sixth grade. I have no brothers but I have two sisters younger than I am.

Rev. H. C. Merrill is our minister and Miss Edith Beane is our superintendent. I started in going to Sunday school when I was six years old.

I am your loving friend,

EUGENIA FREEMAN.

WINTER PARK, FLA.

My dear Miss Buck,—My father reads *The Beacon* to me, which I enjoy very much. I would like to join the Club and wear the button. I attend our Sunday school in Orlando as often as I can—we live five miles away. Miss Eleanor Gordon is our minister and Unity Chapel the name of our church.

We came here to Florida a year ago, from Kalamazoo, Mich., where I was born, and my parents tell me that that is your home town too.

Your little friend,

ERNEST SIEWERT.
(7 years.)

Other new members of our Club are: Alice Shannon, Eastport, Me.; Grace Brunn, Hackensack, N.J.; David Younger, Buffalo, N.Y. In Massachusetts, Mildred Morse, Canton; Dorothy Sommers, Dorchester; Rosalie Ramseyer, West Roxbury; Dorothy and Louise Freeman, Whitman; Geraldine Olive, Wollaston.

My Valentine.

MY Valentine is big and tall,
As big as giants are, I guess.
He romps with me at dinner-time,
Holds me and rumples up my dress.

But when I'm lonely, tired, or ill,
He takes me up and holds me tight,
And when dear mother is away
He always tucks me in at night.

So, when they talked of valentines
And I said, "I'll have one, I guess,"
He laughed and caught me in his arms.
"Won't Daddy do?" and I said, "Yes."

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN,
in *Kindergarten Review*.

From the Editor to You.

Friendliness. There has just died, in South Boston, Mass., a man whose life has left a memory that is as fragrant as a flower. It is Mr. Benjamin James, who was for many years superintendent of the Sunday school of Hawes Unitarian-Congregational Church. Wherever he went, Mr. James radiated an atmosphere of good cheer. He was friendliness itself. It was his custom to wear and carry carnations about with him, and on meeting a friend he would give the flower to be worn. It was learned that this custom was a little tribute which he gave in memory of his mother; so that her life was still sending out its sweetness through this friendly act of her son.

There are other things which any one may give as the sign of a friendly heart—smiles, kind thoughts, happy laughter, a real interest in the friend one meets. In this way the flowers of the spirit brighten the pathway of life. We may give the real flowers, too, when we have them, and so be happily remembered, as Mr. James is, by those who have received the friendly token.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLIII.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 5, 10, 12, is a color.
My 1, 7, 3, 4, 9, is when a thing is very large.
My 6, 11, 12, is where coal is kept.
My 2, 8, 6, is a bone in the body.
My whole is a Great Empire.

ELIZABETH EAST.

ENIGMA XLIV.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 13, 9, 11, is used to ensnare.
My 5, 12, 4, is to make a knot.
My 1, 8, 2, 6, 9, is not free.
My 10, 7, 3, 8, is on your finger.
My 4, 3, 13, 14, is a number.
My whole is a gallant gentleman often spoken of in February.

J.

ENIGMA XLV.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 3, 4, is a boy's nickname.
My 4, 5, 6, 14, is a body of things collectively.
My 9, 5, 8, 1, is a little valley.
My 12, 15, 16, is a Spanish title.
My 3, 10, 14, 13, 6, is a fertile spot in a desert.
My 7, 2, is an exclamation.
My whole is the name of a prominent American.

FRED SCHAUBEL.

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Last fall I called on Cousin May
To take a sail across the bay.
She sighed, "I really can't get off;
The twins are down with whooping cough."
"Bother the twins!" I growled, and she
Said, "Yes; they often bother me."
We met upon the street to-day.
"How are the twins?" I asked of May.
She answered briefly as she could,
In language clearly understood,
Naming a town Canadians know,
And county of Ontario.

The Wellspring.

WORD SQUARE.

My first is a father's pride.
My second is a unit.
My third is a synonym of modern.

R. W. HANSON.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 18.

ENIGMA XXXIX.—Birds' Christmas Carol.
ENIGMA XL.—Kitchener.
TWISTED TREES.—1. Peach. 2. Pear. 3. Oak.
4. Elm. 5. Maple. 6. Fir. 7. Pine. 8. Spruce.
9. Tamarack. 10. Apple.

WORD-SQUARE.—L E A V E S
E R M I N E
A M E N D S
V I N O U S
E N D U R E
S E S S E S

ANAGRAMS.—I. Sutler, ulster, rustle, lustre.
II. Spectre, creep'st, sceptre, respect.
III. Ringlets, sterling.

THE BEACON

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